



Knives



30 2 5

Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

I guess it all started when I mutilated my neighbor.

Chapter 2 by Lex



Yes mutilated is the right word.

Absolutely disfigured her.

Even if her mother tried to look at her, she wouldn't recognize her as the daughter she knew and loved.

Did I enjoy it...not entirely.

Did I have to do it? Yes. She saw things and heard things she shouldn't have.

Chapter 3 by Coraline Castell



It's not that I didn't know how to deal with my frustrations at the time. It's more of not wanting to cope the fuck out of them.

If people talk too much, cut their tongues out. Pop their eyes. Sniffed around your house? Out goes their head. Just a gun near their ear canals and then rip the canals out. Around touching your things and ruining your plans, peel their skin off. While they are still alive.

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You can imagine what the bitch that saw my chemicals, heard my plan, tried to talk me into changing, invaded my house to sniff the hell out of it and then touched every corner attempting to ruin my plans ended up looking like.

She looked like a blood parade. And you know what? It was her own doing.

All I ever wanted was to intoxicate the idiot who ruined my bonsai garden.

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